

## BRITISH AND BOERS

Are Reported to be Rapidly Nearing Each Other.

### NEWCASTLE IN LATTER'S HANDS

The indications are that a Relentless Warfare is Being Waged in the Far-Away Africa Land.

London, Oct. 16.—So far as actual news is concerned very little change in the situation is noticed. The state of affairs at Mafeking can only be conjectured. The occupation of Newcastle by the Boers was prepared for and expected, the place having been abandoned by the British. The Boers are reported to be menacing Kimberley.

Very heavy rains and snows are reported, which hamper the Boer movements, and they are finding that they began too late to easily obtain the initial successes counted upon. They evidently find the advances upon Ladysmith difficult, either from the north or west, as Gen. Sir George Stewart White's reconnaissance seems to have sufficed to deter them from the present.

The oaks of the Darkensberg range are now snow-covered and the storms which have occurred must have caused the Boers great discomfort, which probably explains their failure to attack Gen. White. Masterly inactivity characterizes the operations on both sides. Persistent rumors are in circulation that the Schreiner mastery of Cape Colony has been dismantled and that Mr. Rooss has been asked to form a cabinet. These rumors, however, are without foundation.

Sir Alfred Milner has wired to Mr. Chamberlain the text of an inflammatory circular which Field Cornet Viljoen circulated in Johannesburg some weeks ago with a view of incensing the Afrikaners on both sides of the Orange river against England.

The Daily Mail's Cape Town correspondent, telegraphing yesterday evening, says:

"Kimberley is besieged and the Boers are massing in force. No details, however, are obtainable.

"The Boers have cut the railway at Belmont, have seized the Spryfontein railway station and constructed fortified earthworks. There are strong defending forces at Modder bridge and the Orange river bridge.

"The object of these energetic operations is believed to be the capture of Cecil Rhodes. Kimberley is now isolated, both railway and telegraphic communication being cut."

#### Cancelled Orders.

Kington, Jamaica, Oct. 16.—The British war office, it now appears, has cancelled the orders for mules and stores from Jamaica, deciding to place all orders in the United States. The colonial troops are not going forward immediately. The steamers selected for transport will probably proceed to England and take charter there.

The volunteers are hurt at finding their offer of services rejected while the Canadian and Australian offers are accepted.

The cornerstone of Dewey hall at Northfield, Vt., was laid by Admiral Dewey.

#### Firing Heard.

Cape Town, Oct. 16.—The Modder river station master reports that firing has been heard in the direction of Kimberley and the station master at Belmont telegraphs that a force of Boers are advancing southward.

Flowerdew, the engine driver of Capt. Nesbitt's train, which was derailed and bombarded by the Boers, states that if the train had returned when warning was received that the Boers held the line, it could easily have made its way back to Mariboro.

#### Clashed at a Christening.

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 16.—At a christening of a child in a Polish family at Auburn, twenty miles from Springfield, yesterday evening about 6 o'clock, a riot started between the Hungarians and Poles, and Stephen Roskie, a Hungarian, was recently killed. Several men are said to have been injured, but the foreigners would not allow the physicians who were sent to the scene to see them. Sheriff Woods left with a posse to arrest the participants in the fight.

#### Gov. Barnes' Report.

Guthrie, Ok., Oct. 16.—Gov. Barnes has forwarded his annual report to the secretary of the interior. It is a document of over 65,000 words, telling the story of the remarkable progress and prosperity of the Territory and making a showing "never equaled by any other territory of the United States." It gives statistics on all subjects and was accompanied by twenty-five photographs of crop and farm scenes, public buildings, etc. When published the report will make a handsome volume and be a complete handbook of the Territory.

#### Burned and Drowned.

New York, Oct. 16.—The Bridgeport line steamer Nutmeg State was burned in Long Island Sound off Sand Point, L. I., at sunrise Saturday morning and ten persons were burned to death or drowned.

The dead are: Samuel Jaynes, Bridgeport, Conn., baggagemaster of Nutmeg State, body at New York morgue.

Nils Nilson, member of the crew of the burned steamboat. Body not recovered from wreck.

Charley Anderson, watchman on boat, body in wreck.

Patrick Coffey, mate, body in wreck. Bernard Hendry, oiler, body in wreck.

Thomas Murphy, member of crew, body in wreck.

John Connors, member of crew, body in wreck.

Unknown woman, passenger, 28 years old, body recovered.

Unknown man, passenger, drowned, body not recovered.

Unknown girl, 4 years old, body recovered.

Most of the passengers who escaped suffered nothing more than shock from immersion in the chilly water, and only four persons were sent to the hospital. The steamer was run to the beach at the outbreak of the flames and burned to the water's edge.

Baggageman Samuel Jaynes was detached from the fire fighters and sent to alarm the passengers and all the members of the crew who were in the forward part of the boat. He ran through the passageways on the several decks, shouting fire to the passengers and the sleeping crew. He remained amidst the crying out warnings until he was forced by the flames and stifling smoke to jump overboard.

The passengers in various stages of frenzy rushed from the staterooms to the upper deck. Life preservers were given them and many of the men assisted in putting them on the women and children.

By this time the entire middle section of the steamer was burning fiercely and the people forward were completely cut off from communication with those on the after part of the boat.

This left the people on the rear decks in a perilous situation, as the lifeboats on the amidships davits were surrounded by flames and there were few of the crew in the rear to give aid.

As the flames continued to spread both forward and after, and the pilot headed the steamboat at full speed for the beach at Sand Point, the draft swept the fire toward the rear of the boat.

The passengers in that part of the boat went as far back on the rear deck as possible, but were enveloped with black smoke and flames were leaping toward them, threatening in a few moments to roast them alive. They huddled close to the rear rail in fear, waiting for the steamer to strike the beach.

With a shock the Nutmeg State struck the rocks on the bottom and people seemed to shoot from all sides and tried to reach the lifeboats, which had been launched on the forward part of the vessel.

All the passengers were in the water in a few minutes, but many members of the crew had become imprisoned in the forward part of the ship below decks by the flames.

There was no outlet in the thick sides of the steamboat, except the small portholes, through which no man could squeeze.

Forty persons were drowned while attempting to cross a river in Senegal.

#### Christian Convention.

Cincinnati, O., Oct. 16.—It is estimated that there are over 10,000 visitors here in attendance on the jubilee convention of the missionary society and boards of the Christian church. The sessions will continue until next Thursday night. Nearly all of the pulpits of this city and vicinity were filled by the visiting clergymen of the jubilee convention. Yesterday afternoon communion services were celebrated in music hall and at the three large over-100 meetings in churches.

#### President at Sioux City.

Sioux City, Iowa, Oct. 16.—Sunday has been a quiet day for the presidential party. President and Mrs. McKinley, with some members of the cabinet, attended the First Methodist church, which was crowded to suffocation. The sermon was delivered by its pastor, Rev. Robert Bagnall. After leaving the First church the party was conducted by members of the local committee to the Sunday-school of the Whitfield Methodist church.

#### Killed an Officer.

Columbia, Tenn., Oct. 16.—Horace Campbell, a negro phosphate miner, is in jail here and a strong guard stands watch to prevent a threatened lynching. Campbell and another negro resisted arrest at the Tennessee Phosphate Company's mines early yesterday morning, opening fire on the officers, James Gilmer, B. Ladd and W. Wilshire. Gilmer was killed and Ladd wounded twice in the thigh and the negroes fled. Later Campbell was arrested.

#### To Help Better.

San Antonio, Tex., Oct. 16.—There will probably leave San Antonio within the next two or three days 300 men bound for the seat of hostilities in the Transvaal, where they will take up arms for the British cause.

Nearly all of the men who will start from here have seen service in the first British reserves and have been at one time stationed in the Transvaal or have done police duty on the British border of the Orange Free State and the Boer territory. For several days a British agent has been in the city gathering men to volunteer their services for the English cause. Each of the men will receive a bounty of \$100. The duties of the men who have volunteered here will be as guides and scouts. Nearly all of them know the Boer territory and that of South Africa.

Upon their arrival at Cape Town they will immediately proceed to the seat of hostilities and join the British army corps. The men will probably leave here in a few days en route to Galveston, from which port they will sail for New York. At New York the men will embark upon a British transport sailing direct for Cape Town, South Africa.

Among those who have volunteered their services for the British cause is Hector B. Smith, residing at 236 Devine street, who has seen service in both the English and American armies. His American army service was in troop D, eighth cavalry, in which he served five years. In the English fighting branch he served for two years in 1884 and 1885. During almost this entire time he did police duty on the British border of the Orange Free State. When seen by a reporter yesterday at his home, Mr. Smith had the following to say:

"I was for two years a member of the Cape Town rifles. Most of our duties were to police the British border of the Orange Free States. I was a member of a troop commanded by Capt. Gilmore, and a fine man he was, too. This was in the years 1884 and 1885, immediately after the Zulu wars in South Africa. I think that by the time we get there he was between England and the Boers will be ended. Out of San Antonio and Bexar county there will be at least 300 men to go. Others will be picked up in various portions of the state. The company will not be organized in this country. The organization will probably be made when Cape Town is reached."

#### Entertainment.

Waco, Tex., Oct. 18.—At the city hall auditorium last night there was a grand reception given to the soldiers and sailors of the Hispano-American war, as well as those who have been fighting the Filipinos in the Philippines, and have lately returned to Waco. The entertainment began with an address by Hon. C. C. McCulloch, the mayor, and was followed by music, vocal and instrumental.

Hon. Seth P. Mills delivered an address in behalf of McLennan county, which was followed by a song by a male quartette, the song entitled, "Dewey's Homecoming Trip," written by Mrs. Kimbrough, a Waco poetess. Capt. M. B. Davis delivered the address of welcome in behalf of the state and Capt. J. D. Shaw in behalf of the nation. The hall was beautifully decorated with national and Texas flags, potted plants and cut flowers, and festooned with vines and evergreens. A feature of the entertainment was the naval cadets, represented by young ladies.

Twenty-one shoe drummers met at Paris, Tex., in one day.

#### Caused by a Dog.

Bloomington, Tex., Oct. 18.—A sad accident happened two miles east of town in which Harris Barton, aged about 20, lost his life. Young Barton and his uncle, Fred Barton, about the same age, were going hunting. They had a dog and gun in the buggy with them.

As they were near Mr. Idlett's residence the dog jumped from the buggy, and in so doing struck the gun, causing it to fire, and the whole load entered young Barton's brain, killing him instantly.

#### Hat Snatched.

Paris, Tex., Oct. 18.—While an excursion train over the Texas Midland was returning from the Dallas fair a few miles this side of Commerce a stranger standing on the platform of a coach grabbed the hat of another passenger and jumped off. The owner of the hat fired three or four shots at him. When Klondike was reached a telegram was sent back to Commerce to see if the party shot at had been hurt, but no trace of him was found.

#### Case Reported.

Austin, Tex., Oct. 18.—The state health department has received official information from New Orleans that a case of yellow fever has been discovered on a vessel which had just arrived at that port from Havana. The vessel left Havana four days ago after having first been fumigated. The appearance of this case supports the course taken by State Health Officer Blunt in refusing to admit vessels from infected ports at Galveston within a period of ten days' quarantine.

## PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—  
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARKVAT.

### CHAPTER XXX.

Amine had just returned from an afternoon's walk through the streets of Goa; she had made some purchases at different shops in the bazaar, and had brought them home under her mantilla. "Here, at last, thank heaven, I am alone and not watched," thought Amine, as she threw herself on the couch. "Philip, Philip, where are you?" exclaimed she. "I have now the means, and I soon will know." Little Pedro, the son of the widow, entered the room, ran up to Amine and kissed her. "Tell me, Pedro, where is your mother?"

"She has gone out to see her friends this evening, and we are alone. I will stay with you."

"Do so, dearest. Tell me, Pedro, can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, I can—tell me."

"Nay, I have nothing to tell, but I wish you to do something; I wish to make a play, and you shall see things in your hand."

"Oh, yes—show me, do show me." "If you promise not to tell."

"No, by the Holy Virgin, I will not." "Then you shall see."

Amine lit some charcoal on a chafing dish and put it at her feet; she then took a reed pen, some ink from a small bottle, and a pair of scissors, and wrote down several characters on a paper, stinging, or rather chanting, words which were not intelligible to her young companion. Amine then threw frankincense and coriander seed into the chafing dish, which threw out a strong aromatic smoke; and desiring Pedro to sit down by her on a small stool, she took the boy's right hand and held it in her own. She then drew upon the palm of his hand a square figure with characters on each side of it, and in the center poured a small quantity of the ink, so as to form a black mirror of the size of half a crown.

"Now all is ready," said Amine; "look, Pedro, what see you in the ink?"

"My own face," replied the boy.

"She threw more frankincense upon the chafing dish, until the room was full of smoke, and then chanted:

"Turashoon — turashoon — come down, come down."

"Be present, ye servants of these names."

"Remove the evil, and be correct." The characters she had drawn upon the paper she had divided with the scissors, and now taking one of the pieces, she dropped it into the chafing dish, still holding the boy's hand.

"Tell me, Pedro, what do you see?"

"I see a man sweeping," replied Pedro, alarmed.

"Fear not, Pedro, you shall see more. Has he done sweeping?"

"Yes, he has."

And Amine muttered words which were unintelligible, and threw into the chafing dish the other half of the paper with the characters she had written down. "Say, now, Pedro, 'Philip Vanderdecken, appear!'"

"Philip Vanderdecken, appear!" responded the boy, trembling.

"Tell me what thou seest, Pedro—tell me true!" said Amine, anxiously.

"I see a man lying down on the white sand. I don't like this play."

"Be not alarmed, Pedro; you shall have sweetmeats directly. Tell me what thou seest—how the man is dressed?"

"He has a short coat. He has white trousers; he looks about him—he takes something out of his breast and kisses it."

"'Tis he! 'tis he! and he liveth! Heaven, I thank Thee. Look again, boy."

"He gets up. I don't like this play; I am frightened; indeed I am."

"Fear not."

"Oh, yes I am; I cannot," replied Pedro, falling on his knees; "pray let me go."

Pedro had turned his hand and spilled the ink, the charm was broken and Amine could learn no more. She soothed the boy with presents, made him repeat his promise that he would not tell, and postponed further search into fate until the boy should appear to have recovered from his terror and be willing to resume the ceremonies.

"My Philip lives—mother, dear mother, I thank you."

Amine did not allow Pedro to leave the room until he appeared to have quite recovered from his fright; for some days she did not say anything to him except to remind him of his promise not to tell his mother, or any one else, and she loaded him with presents.

One afternoon when his mother was gone out Pedro came in and as Amine "whether they should not have the play over again!"

Amine, who was anxious to know more, was glad of the boy's request, and soon had everything prepared. Again was her chamber filled with the smoke of the frankincense; again was she muttering her incantations; the magic mirror was on the boy's hand, and once more had Pedro cried out, "Philip Vanderdecken, appear!"

When the door burst open, and Father Mathias, the widow and several other people made their appearance. Amine started up. Pedro screamed and ran to his mother.

"The! I was not mistaken at what I saw in the cottage at Ternese," cried Father Mathias, with his arms folded

over his breast, and with looks of indignation; "accursed sorceress! you are detected."

About half an hour afterward two men dressed in black gowns came into Amine's room and requested that she would follow them, or that force would be used. Amine made no resistance; they crossed the square; the gate of a large building was opened; they desired her to walk in, and in a few seconds Amine found herself in one of the dungeons of the Inquisition. She was subsequently tried and condemned to be burned at the stake as a sorceress. Subsequently she was executed according to sentence.

We must again return to Philip and Krantz. When the latter retired from the presence of the Portuguese commandant, he communicated to Philip what had taken place, and the fabulous tale which he had invented to deceive the commandant, by a story of buried treasure they had invented. "I said that you alone knew where the treasure was concealed," continued Krantz, "that you might be sent for, for in all probability he will keep me as a hostage; but never mind that, I must take my chance. Do you contrive to escape somehow and rejoin Amine."

They concocted a story of buried treasure on a distant island, and through the soldier, Pedro, readily got the consent of the commandant to accompany them. Pedro, Schriften and other soldiers connected with the fort accompanied them in the vessel. None of these bore the commandant good-will.

The party arrived under the tree—the shovels soon removed the light sand, and in a few minutes the treasure was exposed to view. Bag after bag was handed up and the loose dollars collected into heaps. Two of the soldiers had been sent to the vessels for sacks to put the loose dollars in, and the men had desisted from their labor; they laid aside their spades, looks were exchanged, and all were ready.

The commandant turned round to call to and hasten the movements of the men who had been sent for the sacks, when three or four knives simultaneously pierced him through the back; he fell, and was expostulating, when they were again buried in his bosom, and he lay a corpse. Philip and Krantz remained silent spectators; the knives were drawn out, wiped and replaced in their sheaths. The party then set sail for home.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

Years have passed away since we related Amine's sufferings and cruel death; and now once more we bring Philip Vanderdecken on the scene. And during this time, where has he been? A lunatic—at one time frantic, chained, coerced with blows; at others, mild and peaceable. Reason occasionally appeared to burst out again, as the sun on a cloudy day; and then it was again obscured. For many years there was one who watched him carefully, and lived in hopes to witness his return to a sane mind; he watched in sorrow and remorse—he died without his desires being gratified. This was Father Mathias!

The cottage at Ternese had long fallen into ruins; for many years it waited the return of its owners, and at last the heirs at law claimed and recovered the substance of Philip Vanderdecken. Even the fate of Amine had passed from the recollection of most people.

But many, many years have rolled away—Philip's hair is white—his once powerful frame is broken down—and he appears much older than he really is. He is now sane; but his vigor is gone. Weary of life, all he wishes for is to execute his mission—and then to welcome death.

The relic has never been taken from him; he has been discharged from the lunatic asylum, and has been provided with the means of returning to his country. Alas! he has now no country—no home—nothing in the world to induce him to remain in it. All he asks is, to do his duty and to die.

The ship was ready to sail for Europe, and Philip Vanderdecken went on board—hardly caring whether he went. To return to Ternese was not his object; he could not bear the idea of visiting the scene of so much happiness and so much misery. Amine's form was engraved on his heart, and he looked forward with impatience to the time when he should be summoned to join her in the land of spirits.

"When, oh when is it to be accomplished?" was the constant subject of his reveries. "Blessed indeed will be the day when I leave this world of hate and seek that other in which the weary are at rest."

The vessel on board of which Philip was embarked as a passenger was the Nostra Senora da Monte, a brig of three hundred tons, bound for Lisbon. The captain was an old Portuguese, full of superstition and fond of attack—a fondness rather unusual with people of his nation. They sailed from Goa and Philip was standing abaft and sadly contemplating the spire of the cathedral, in which he had last parted with his wife, when his elbow was touched, and he turned around.

"A fellow-passenger again," said a well-known voice—it was that of the pilot Schriften.

There was no alteration in the man's appearance; he showed no marks of declining years, his one eye glared as keenly as ever.

Philip started, not only at the sight of the man, but at the reminiscences which his unexpected appearance brought to his mind. It was but for a second, and he was again calm and pensive.

"You here again, Schriften?" observed Philip. "I trust your appearance forebodes the accomplishment of my task."

"Perhaps it does," replied the pilot; "we both are weary."

Philip made no reply; he did not even ask Schriften in what manner he had escaped from the fort; he was indifferent about it, for he thought that the man had a charmed life.

"Many are the vessels that have been wrecked, Philip Vanderdecken, and many the souls summoned to their account by meeting with your father's ship while you have been so long shut up," observed the pilot.

"May our next meeting with him be more fortunate—may it be the last!" replied Philip.

"No, no! rather may he fulfill his doom, and shall till the day of judgment!" replied the pilot, with emphasis.

"Vile calf! I have a foreboding that you will not have your detestable wish. Away—leave me! or you shall find that, although this head is blanched by misery, this arm has still some power."

The ship had now gained off the southern coast of Africa, and was about one hundred miles from the Lagullas coast; the morning was beautiful, a slight ripple only turned over the waves, the breeze was light and steady, and the vessel was standing on a wind at the rate of about four miles an hour.

"Blessed be the holy saints," said the captain, who had just gained the deck; "another little slant in our favor and we shall lay our course. Again, I say, blessed be the holy saints, and particularly our worthy patron, St. Antoine, who has taken under his particular protection the Nostra Senora da Monte." We have a prospect of fine weather; come, signors, let us down to breakfast, and after breakfast we will enjoy our cigars upon the deck."

But the scene was soon changed; a bank of clouds rose up from the eastward, with a rapidity that to the seamen's eyes was unnatural, and it soon covered the whole firmament; the sun was obscured, and all was deep and unnatural gloom; the wind subsided, and the ocean was hushed. It was not exactly dark, but the heavens were covered with one red haze, which gave an appearance as if the world was in a state of conflagration.

In the cabin the increased darkness was first observed by Philip, who went on deck; he was followed by the captain and passengers, who were in a state of amazement. It was unnatural and incomprehensible. "Now, holy Virgin, protect us!—what can this be?" exclaimed the captain, in a fright. "Holy St. Antoine, protect us!—but this is awful!"

"There—there!" shouted the sailors, pointing to the beam of the vessel. Every eye looked over the gunwale to witness what had occasioned such exclamations. Philip, Schriften and the captain were side by side. On the beam of the ship, not more than two cable lengths distant, they beheld slowly rising out of the water the tapering mast-head and spars of another vessel. She rose and rose gradually; her topmasts and topgall masts, with the sails set, next made their appearance; higher and higher she rose up from the element. Her lower masts were rigging and, lastly, her hull showed itself above the surface. Still she rose up, till her ports, with her guns, and at last the whole of her floatage were above water, and there she remained, close to them, with her main yard squared and hove-to.

(To be continued.)

### PHILIPPINE MUSIC.

Almost All Tones Are Pathetic and Melancholy in Tone.

Philippine music is becoming popular. Returning voyagers to the far distant islands have introduced it here. Like the Hawaiian, it is distinctive, and characteristic of the national life of the people, though without doubt an adaptation of the sweet and melancholy music of the Spaniards. Flute, violin and harp are the favorite instruments, as in the Italian, but it is not like the animated music of Italy. The liveliest strains of the Philippines are pathetic and melancholy in tone. So, too, are the titles of most of their musical compositions, as, for instance, "Los Dias Ultimos del Verano" ("The Last Days of Summer"), "The Wall of a Lost Soul," "The Approach of Autumn." The harp twangs softly, the violin bow is gently drawn, while above all floats the wail of a flute, which rises and falls in melancholy cadences. This music speaks as eloquently to the foreigner as to the native. "The Approach of Autumn" is so plaintive and sad that you can almost hear the rustle of the forest leaves, or the sighing of autumn zephyrs through the pine trees. Church music, too, is of the same plaintive character, all pitched in a minor key.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

### Teaching Law to Boston Policemen.

Under the workings of a new rule, Boston's policemen are receiving instruction in the law. Every week a number of legal questions pertaining to matters which come under their daily observation are propounded to them, and this system of examinations is believed to have greatly improved the efficiency of the force.